COMICSCENE

A ONE-SHOT COMIC FEATURING NEW STORIES & MORE!

SPECIAL EDITION

SATURDAY COMICS BOX

ATOMIC

THE CULT CLASSIC RETURNS!

NEW!

COMICSC

SPE
EDITIO

FEATURING NEW STORIES & MORE!

ATOMIC

SATURDAY
COMICS BOX

35 years after our launch, 30 years after our last issue - here it is, the brand new Atomic Comic. 52 pages, all new stories and great creators all in one tidy package.
It was a rough road getting this comic into your hands - but we did it with your help! We couldn't be more proud of what we've produced for you. We'd love to hear what you think on social media or by emailing *comicsceneuk@gmail.com*. The original Atomic had rave reviews and we hope this 21st century version is just as popular with readers.
If you like it, well, we may do another one! Atomic!

THE NEGOTIATOR
BY DIEGO GUERRA

BACK FROM THE BEYOND
WRITTEN BY CHRISTOFF RDGZ
ART & LETTERS BY IGOR CHAKAL

WHADDAYA MEAN THERE'S NO MORE GODDAMN RICE?
BY STEWART KENNETH MOORE

SPECIAL DELIVERY
WRITTEN BY PETER GOULDSON
ART & LETTERS BY REBECCA ELISE

FINISH LINES
BY BEN HUMENIUK

T.V DINNERS
WRITTEN BY PETER GOULDSON
ART BY PHIL ELLIOTT

HARDLINE ORIGINS: NIGHTCOWL
WRITTEN BY RICH CARRINGTON, BRIAN S. DAWSON
ART BY BRIAN S. DAWSON

A THOUSAND SUNS
WRITTEN BY KEVIN GUNSTONE
ART & LETTERS BY CHRIS GEARY

COMIC SCENE

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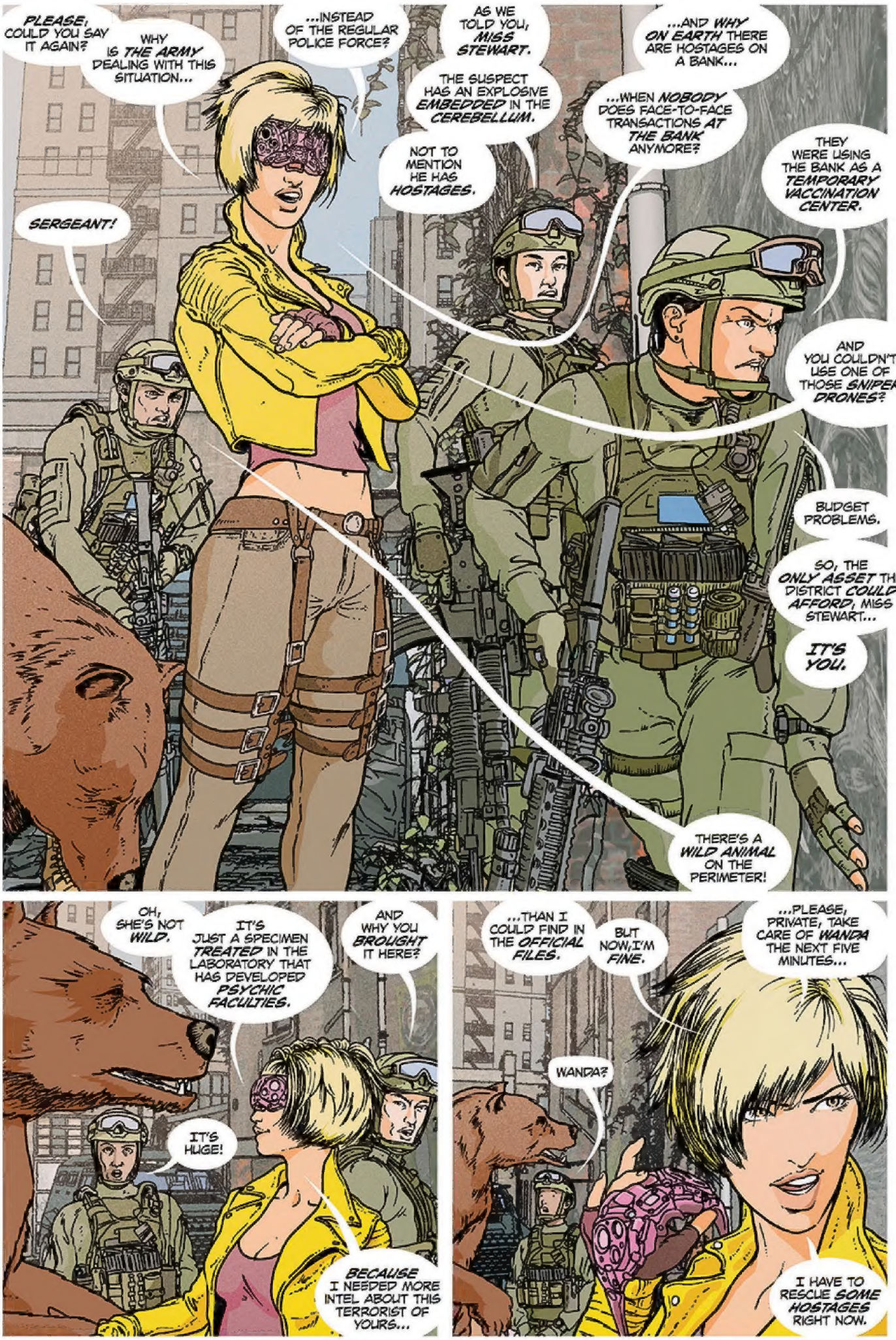
THE HISTORY OF COMICS

CURATED AND EDITED BY TONY FOSTER

FRONT COVER + DESIGN BY @FLOPSCOMICS

The Negotiator

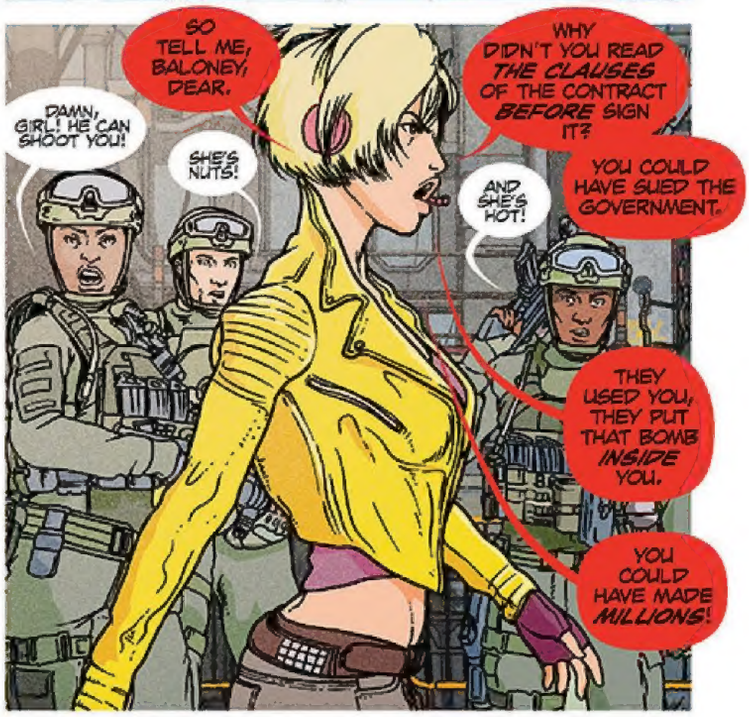
by Diego Guerra


PLEASE, COULD YOU SAY IT AGAIN?
WHY IS THE ARMY DEALING WITH THIS SITUATION...
...INSTEAD OF THE REGULAR POLICE FORCE?
AS WE TOLD YOU, MISS STEWART.
THE SUSPECT HAS AN EXPLOSIVE EMBEDDED IN THE CEREBELLUM.
NOT TO MENTION HE HAS HOSTAGES.
...AND WHY ON EARTH THERE ARE HOSTAGES ON A BANK...
...WHEN NOBODY DOES FACE-TO-FACE TRANSACTIONS AT THE BANK ANYMORE?
THEY WERE USING THE BANK AS A TEMPORARY VACCINATION CENTER.
SERGEANT!
AND YOU COULDN'T USE ONE OF THOSE SNIPER DRONES?
BUDGET PROBLEMS.
SO, THE ONLY ASSET THE DISTRICT COULD AFFORD, MISS STEWART...
IT'S YOU.
THERE'S A WILD ANIMAL ON THE PERIMETER!
OH, SHE'S NOT WILD.
IT'S JUST A SPECIMEN TREATED IN THE LABORATORY THAT HAS DEVELOPED PSYCHIC FACULTIES.
AND WHY YOU BROUGHT IT HERE?
IT'S HUGE!
BECAUSE I NEEDED MORE INTEL ABOUT THIS TERRORIST OF YOURS...
...THAN I COULD FIND IN THE OFFICIAL FILES.
BUT NOW, I'M FINE.
...PLEASE, PRIVATE, TAKE CARE OF WANDA THE NEXT FIVE MINUTES...
WANDA?
I HAVE TO RESCUE SOME HOSTAGES RIGHT NOW.

HELLO BALONEY!!!
HUH?
W-WHY ARE YOU CALLING ME THAT?
I'M JUST TRYING TO STABLISH SOME TRUST, BALONEY DEAR!!!
DON'T CALL ME BALONEY THEN!!!

PLEASE TELL ME SOMETHING, BALONEY--
HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE SO STUPID?
LISTEN, BITCH, YOU NEED TO SHOW SOME RESPECT OR-OR...
PLEASE! HE'S GOING TO KILL US!
COME ON, BALONEY, YOU WON'T KILL ANYONE, YOU DON'T HAVE THE GUTS!
S-SORRY I'M GOING TO HANG UP!
NO PROBLEM, BALONEY!

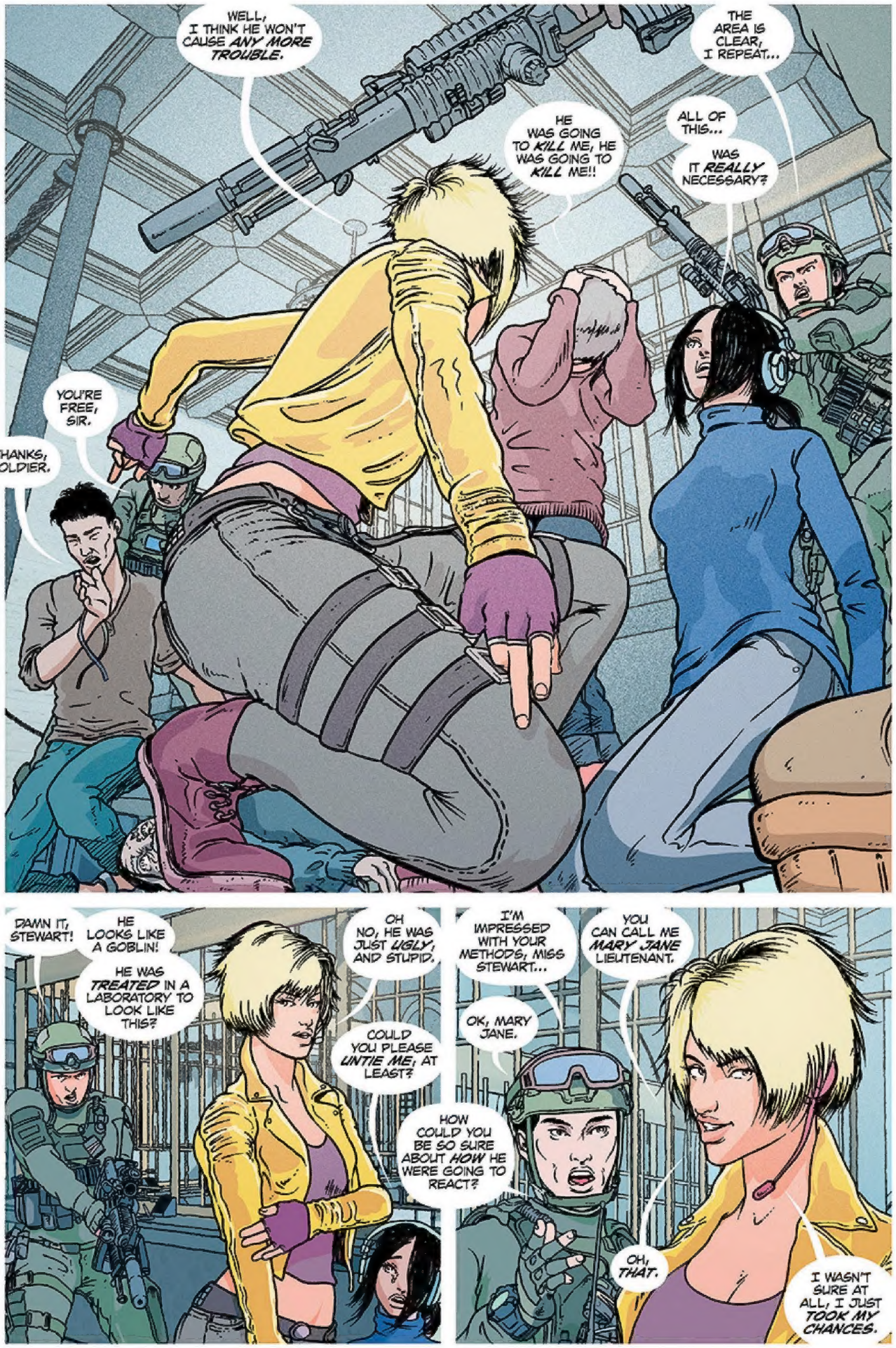
I CAN USE THE SPEAKER, AND THE WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD IS GOING TO FIND OUT!
...THAT THE BULLIES AT SCHOOL CALLED YOU BALONEY BEFORE THEY BEAT YOU UP!
WHAT THE F...?
MISS STEWART, THE EXPLOSIVES IN HIS BRAIN CAN DESTROY ABOUT 20 BLOCKS AROUND!!!


SO TELL ME, BALONEY, DEAR.
WHY DIDN'T YOU READ THE CLAUSES OF THE CONTRACT BEFORE SIGN IT?
DAMN, GIRL! HE CAN SHOOT YOU!
SHE'S NUTS!
AND SHE'S HOT!
YOU COULD HAVE SUED THE GOVERNMENT.
THEY USED YOU, THEY PUT THAT BOMB INSIDE YOU.
YOU COULD HAVE MADE MILLIONS!

BUT NO, YOU CHOOSE TO STEAL AN EMPTY BANK.
L-LISTEN M'AM, THAT BOMB INSIDE MY HEAD, IF YOU APROACH A LITTLE MORE, IT COULD EXPLODES.
IT EXPLODES ONLY IF YOU FEEL THREATENED. BALONEY.
DO YOU FEEL THREATENED BY AN UNARMED GIRL?

DO YOU FEEL THREATENED BY WOMEN?
SHUT UP!
I ASKED FOR AN HELICOPTER AND MONEY!
PLEASE GIVE HIM WHAT HE ASKS!
PLEASE, SIR, DON'T HURT ME!!!
HE'S GOING TO KILL US ALL !

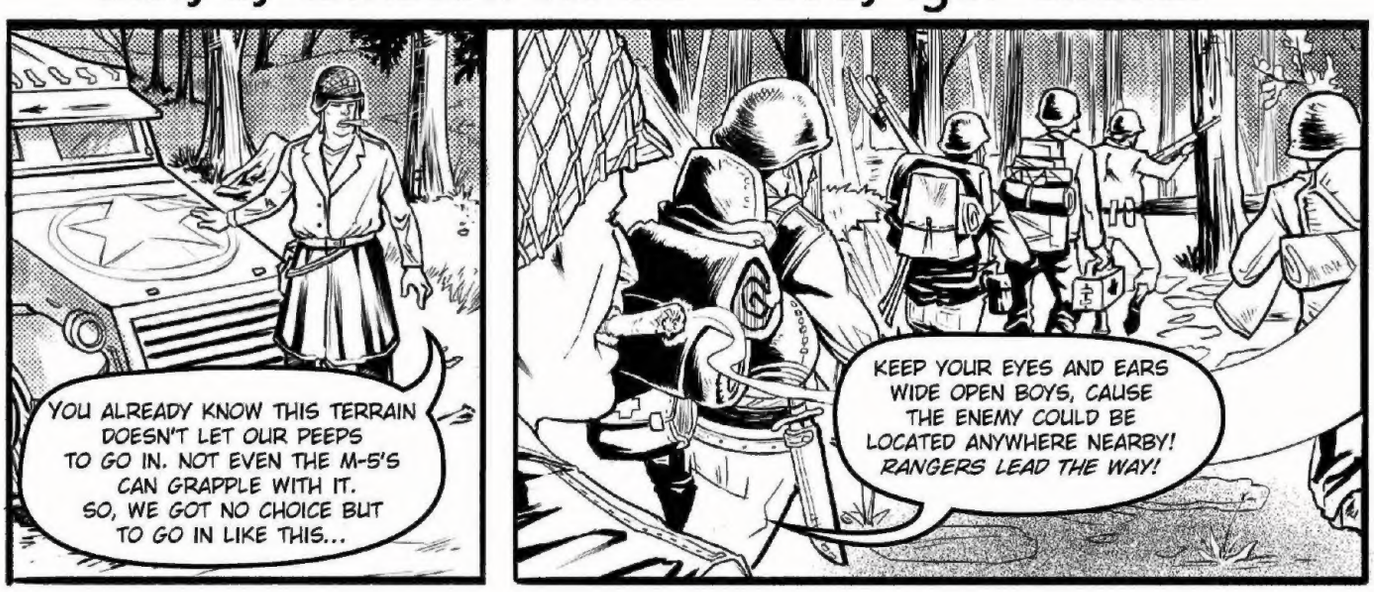
PLEASE BALONEY, YOU KNOW IT.
THEY WILL NOT GIVE YOU ANYTHING.
THEY DON'T CARE ABOUT THE HOSTAGES.
THEY DON'T CARE ABOUT YOU.
ACTUALLY NO ONE CARES ABOUT YOU.
I'D TELL YOU TO SURRENDER.
TO GIVE UP.
BUT YOU KNOW WHAT?
IT WOULD BE USELESS...
WHAT???
ON JAIL THEY'RE GOING TO RESPECT YOU LESS THAN THE BULLIES AT SCHOOL.
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT DAMN PRESUMPTUOUS LUNATIC DOING?
I THINK SHE KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT SHE'S DOING!
DID YOU NOTICE...
...THERE'S NO PRESS HERE?
IT'S BECAUSE NO ONE CARES.
NO ONE IS GOING TO REMEMBER YOUR STUPID HOSTAGE SITUATION.
YOU'RE THE THESAURUS DEFINITION OF A LOSER, BALONEY, YOUR LIFE IS COMPLETELY MEANINGLESS.
YOU'RE LESS THAN ZERO, BALONEY.
YOU DON'T KNOW...
WHAT I'M CAPABLE OF...
PLEASE, SIR!!!
YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ME.
CLICK


WELL, I THINK HE WON'T CAUSE ANY MORE TROUBLE.
THE AREA IS CLEAR, I REPEAT...
HE WAS GOING TO KILL ME, HE WAS GOING TO KILL ME!!
ALL OF THIS...
WAS IT REALLY NECESSARY?
YOU'RE FREE, SIR.
THANKS, SOLDIER.
DAMN IT, STEWART!
HE LOOKS LIKE A GOBLIN!
HE WAS TREATED IN A LABORATORY TO LOOK LIKE THIS?
OH NO, HE WAS JUST UGLY, AND STUPID.
COULD YOU PLEASE UNTIE ME, AT LEAST?
HOW COULD YOU BE SO SURE ABOUT HOW HE WERE GOING TO REACT?
I'M IMPRESSED WITH YOUR METHODS, MISS STEWART...
OK, MARY JANE.
YOU CAN CALL ME MARY JANE LIEUTENANT.
OH, THAT.
I WASN'T SURE AT ALL, I JUST TOOK MY CHANCES.

KALL VALLEY, GERMANY, FEBRUARY 1945.
ALRIGHT GENTLEMEN, WE GOT INTEL THAT SOME COMPANIES OF DÜREN POLICEMEN HAVE BEEN ADDED AS NAZI REINFORCEMENTS TO DEFEND THIS PART OF THE SIEGFRIED LINE...
THIS ISN'T *DUCK SOUP*, BUT THE **28TH DIVISION** IS HERE TO **STOP THEM!**

BACK FROM THE BEYOND

Story by Christoff RDGZ **Art by** Igor Chakal

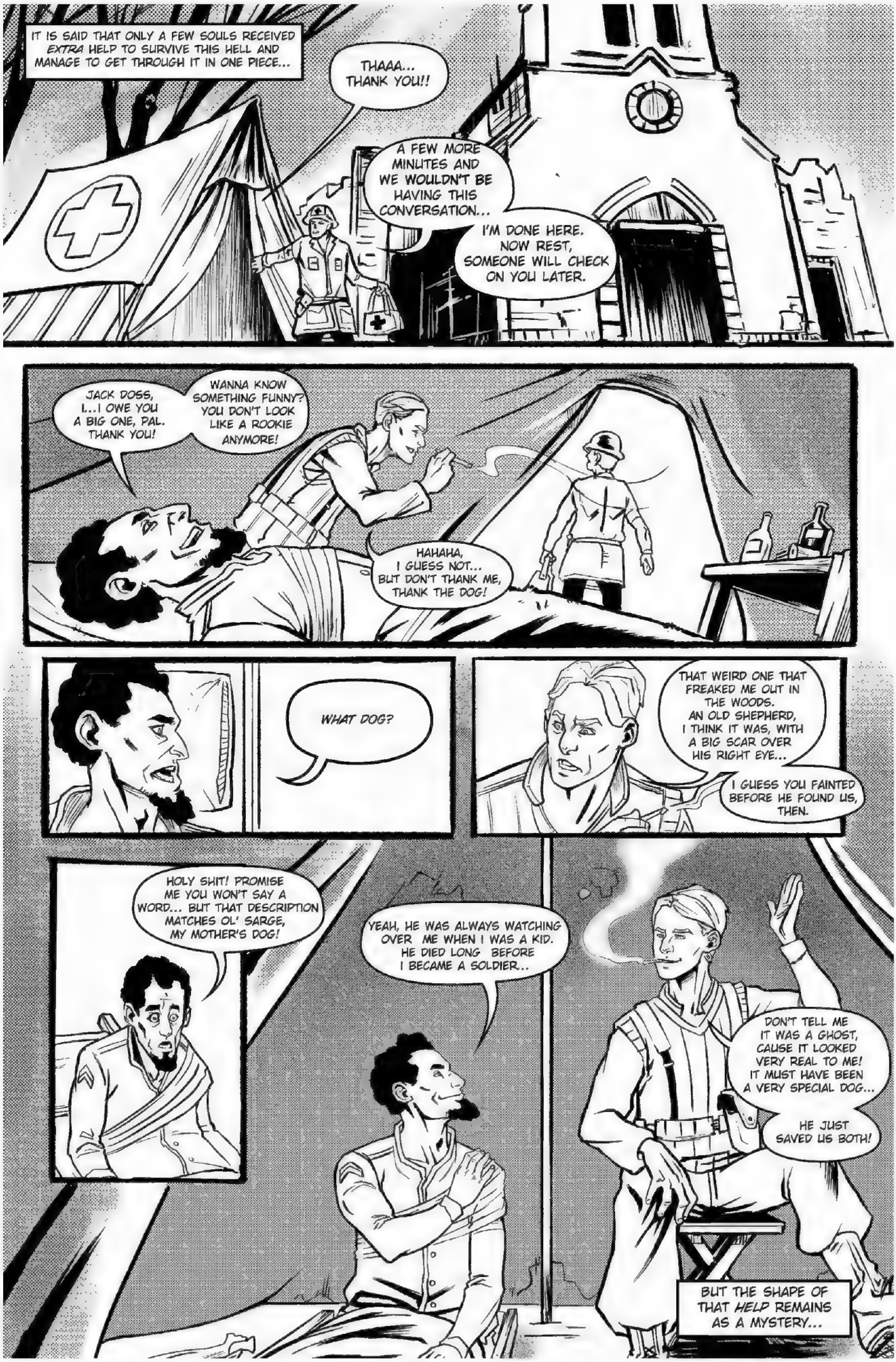

YOU ALREADY KNOW THIS TERRAIN DOESN'T LET OUR PEEPS TO GO IN. NOT EVEN THE M-5'S CAN GRAPPLE WITH IT. SO, WE GOT NO CHOICE BUT TO GO IN LIKE THIS...
KEEP YOUR EYES AND EARS WIDE OPEN BOYS, CAUSE THE ENEMY COULD BE LOCATED ANYWHERE NEARBY! *RANGERS LEAD THE WAY!*

HÜRTGEN FOREST, EAST OF THE BELGIAN-GERMAN BORDER.
THIS IS COOL AS A CUCUMBER; I DON'T LIKE IT! WHAT ABOUT YOU, DOSS?
I'VE GOT MY HANDS FREEZING, SIR! IT'S HARD FOR ME TO HOLD IT TIGHT!
HOLY CRAP! IT SLIPS AGAIN, I CAN'T HOLD IT. WHAT A CRACKED EGG!
DON'T WORRY JACK. I'LL COVER YOU, BUT BE QUICK, ROOKIE. THOSE GUYS COULD BE ANYWHERE!
OH, AND DON'T CALL ME SIR, I'M NOT THAT OLD!
OFFENES FEUER!
ARGH!!!
STAY DOWN, ROOKIE! LET THEM THINK THEY HIT YOU TOO, ARGH!

DURING COMBAT, WEIRD STORIES HAVE BEEN TOLD. SOME ATTRIBUTE THESE TO THE FATIGUE SUFFERED BY THE SOLDIERS.
HEY, TOM? TOM PEPPER, CAN YOU HEAR ME?
IT'S QUIET A TOMB. I THINK THEY'RE GONE...
I THINK I'LL GET THE FINAL BLANKET DRILL, BUD... THERE'S NO WAY I CAN GET OUT OF THIS ONE, SAVE YOURSELF...
NO WAY BUDDY, THEY DON'T CALL US DOGFACE FOR NOTHING!!
WE ARE IN THE BLOODY BUCKET! I'LL TAKE YOU TO AIDS...
AS SOON AS I FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET OUT...
OF THIS HAUNTED WOODLAND...
CRACK!!!

BUT AT A CURSED PLACE SUCH AS THIS ONE, WHAT'S PERCEIVED AS HALLUCINATIONS MIGHT PERFECTLY BE SOMETHING ELSE...
WHAT THE HELL?
CAN YOU SEE IT, TOM? IT JUST SCARED THE SHIT OUT OF ME!
WHY IS THAT DOG ACTING FUNNY?
HOLD ON A SEC... IS IT POSSIBLE THAT HE WANTS US TO FOLLOW HIM?
SHIT! I'M RUNNING OUT OF TIME, I CAN'T WASTE IT GUESSING WHERE YOU CAME FROM... GOT NO OTHER OPTION THAN TO FOLLOW YOU...

COUNTLESS STORIES HAVE BEEN TOLD ABOUT THIS TYPE OF SIGHTINGS. ENCOUNTERS THAT ARE DIFFICULT TO CLASSIFY AND EVEN MORE UNDERSTAND...
C'MON, THINK ABOUT THE MILLION-DOLLAR WOUND, THIS WAR IS OVER FOR YOU, BUDDY! THEY'LL SEND YOU BACK HOME!
JUST STAY WITH ME TOM! C'MON BUDDY, WE GOT THIS! I THINK I RECOGNIZE THIS ROAD...
WE ARE DEFINITELY ON THE WAY!
YES, THAT'S THE VOSSENACK CHURCH! WE MADE IT PAL!!! JUST A FEW MORE METERS...
Vossenack
WHERE DID YOU GO, BUD? WELL, NEVERMIND... THANK YOU!


IT IS SAID THAT ONLY A FEW SOULS RECEIVED *EXTRA* HELP TO SURVIVE THIS HELL AND MANAGE TO GET THROUGH IT IN ONE PIECE...
THAAA... THANK YOU!!
A FEW MORE MINUTES AND WE WOULDN'T BE HAVING THIS CONVERSATION...
I'M DONE HERE. NOW REST, SOMEONE WILL CHECK ON YOU LATER.
JACK DOSS, I...I OWE YOU A BIG ONE, PAL. THANK YOU!
WANNA KNOW SOMETHING FUNNY? YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE A ROOKIE ANYMORE!
HAHAHA, I GUESS NOT... BUT DON'T THANK ME, THANK THE DOG!
WHAT DOG?
THAT WEIRD ONE THAT FREAKED ME OUT IN THE WOODS. AN OLD SHEPHERD, I THINK IT WAS, WITH A BIG SCAR OVER HIS RIGHT EYE...
I GUESS YOU FAINTED BEFORE HE FOUND US, THEN.
HOLY SHIT! PROMISE ME YOU WON'T SAY A WORD... BUT THAT DESCRIPTION MATCHES OL' SARGE, MY MOTHER'S DOG!
YEAH, HE WAS ALWAYS WATCHING OVER ME WHEN I WAS A KID. HE DIED LONG BEFORE I BECAME A SOLDIER..
DON'T TELL ME IT WAS A GHOST, CAUSE IT LOOKED VERY REAL TO ME! IT MUST HAVE BEEN A VERY SPECIAL DOG...
HE JUST SAVED US BOTH!
BUT THE SHAPE OF THAT *HELP* REMAINS AS A MYSTERY...

THIS ANCIENT MYTH ON THE ORIGINS OF CHESS CAME TO MIND AGAIN RECENTLY WITH COVID NUMBERS GOING THROUGH THE ROOF. I'M CALLING MY TWISTED VERSION – 'EIGHTEEN QUINTILLION FOUR HUNDRED FORTY-SIX QUADRILLION, SEVEN HUNDRED FORTY-FOUR TRILLION, SEVENTY-THREE BILLION, SEVEN HUNDRED NINE MILLION, FIVE HUNDRED FIFTY-ONE THOUSAND, SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN.' AN UNCONVENTIONAL TITLE, ADMITTEDLY. SO, IN THE INTERESTS OF BREVITY LET'S JUST CALL IT 'AND 15.'
NO, NO.... LET'S CALL IT 'CHATURANGA!'
IN FACT, LET'S JUST CALL IT...
WHADDAYA MEAN THERE'S NO MORE GODDAM RICE?
OUTRAGE!!! EQUERRY! FETCH MY OMBUDSMEN!!!
SUMMON THE KITCHEN CHAMBERLAIN!!!
SUBPOENA THE MASTER OF THE GRANARY AND MUSTER THE GUARDS!! I WANT THEM BEFORE MY COURT POSTHASTE!
BUT, ALAS, DEAR READER, THE GRANARY MASTER, FEARING FOR HIS LIFE, IS A NO-SHOW.
THE KITCHEN CHAMBERLAIN SEEMS TO HAVE DONE A RUNNER TOO.
'SOL' COURT SORCERER
'PEPA' COURT MATHEMATICIAN
ONLY THE KING'S OMBUDSMEN APPEAR BEFORE HIM AND THE RIPPLING OF THEIR FOREHEAD FOLDS BETRAY THEY ARE SUFFERING DEEP AND WEIGHTY PERTURBATIONS!
WE COME WITH AN URGENT QUERY, OH SMASHING ONE.
THIS NEW GAME HIS MAJESTY HAS ACQUIRED....
WHAT EXACTLY DID SIRE AGREE TO PAY FOR THIS ENCHANTING NEW DIVERTISSEMENT, OH SPLENDID ONE?

EARLIER...
'CHESS' YOU CALL IT? WOW! YOU INVENTED THIS? JINGS! I LIKE IT! NO, I LOVE IT!! YOU'VE DONE CURED MY BOREDOM, YOUNG FELLA!!
BUT WHAT COULD MATCH IT? GOLD, MAYBE? A BARONY? THIS IS A GAME SO GREAT THAT NOTHING COULD POSSIBLY REWARD YOU FOR IT!
NOTHING AT ALL!
SUCH A WONDERFUL GAME AS THIS IS DESERVING OF A TRULY GREAT REWARD!
SO, THAT'S MY OFFER -- NOTHING AT ALL! TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT.
HUH?
I'M KING, I HOLD THE CARDS, SCRAM, PUNK!
BUT... I'M STARVING, I...DESERVE SOMETHING...
JUST AIN'T THE WAY THE WORLD WORKS, SON. BEAT IT!
PLEASE, I BEG YOU!
JUST SOME GRAINS OF RICE, MAYBE?
FOR MY MEAGRE WEE BOWL IS VOID OF EDIBLES.
HA HA HA HA HA HA HOW MANY GRAINS?
JUST ONE, SIRE.
ONE GRAIN...
... PLACED ON THE FIRST SQUARE OF MY GAMEBOARD, OH BENEFICENT ONE.
THEN, I BEG THEE, SIMPLY DOUBLE IT ON THE SECOND SQUARE.
AND THEN JUST DOUBLE THE GRAINS AGAIN ON THE THIRD, MAJESTY.
MERELY DOUBLE AGAIN AND AGAIN UNTIL YOU REACH THE LAST SQUARE OF THE BOARD.
AND THAT, YOUR BRILLIANTNESS, WILL BE MORE THAN ENOUGH FOR ME!
...AND THEN HE HAD ME SIGN SOMETHING AND THAT WAS THAT. PRETTY CHUFFED, FRANKLY.
WHAT?
...WHIMPER... ...WHIMPER.
TAP TAP
OH DEAR NO, NO...NOT GOOD, SIRE.

NO, INDEED, IT IS A MATTER OF EXPONENTIAL GROWTH, MORE THAN A BOWL OF RICE ONCE YOU CROSS THE CENTRE OF THE BOARD!
MANY, MANY GRAINS, YOUR FABULOUSNESS, LET ME SEE.... IT'S 18...
18 GRAINS?
'18 QUINTILLION, YOUR MAJESTY.'
TO BE PRECISE, IT'S EIGHTEEN QUINTILLION FOUR HUNDRED FORTY-SIX QUADRILLION..
...SEVEN HUNDRED FORTY-FOUR TRILLION...
... SEVENTY-THREE BILLION...
...SEVEN HUNDRED NINE MILLION...
...FIVE HUNDRED FIFTY-ONE THOUSAND...
...SIX HUNDRED...
...UH...AND, FIFTEEN GRAINS, YOUR MAJESTY.
RICE ENOUGH TO FILL ALL THE BELLIES OF THE WORLD, YOUR BIGNESS. INDEED ALL THE FIELDS OF ALL THE WORLD. IN FACT, MORE THAN 2,000 YEARS OF ANNUAL RICE YIELD ACROSS THE WHOLE EARTH!
I SHOULD THINK RICE WILL BE OFF THE CASTLE'S MENU FOR SOME TIME!
HA HA HA
PUTT
PUTT
PUTT
PUTT
THE END
...OF RICE.
(BUT THE BEGINNING OF CHESS!)
S K MOORE © 2020

SPECIAL
THEY CAN'T PREPARE YOU FOR THE LONELINESS.
OH, THE GUYS ARE GREAT - REALLY THEY ARE?
IT'S JUST SOMETHING THAT HITS YOU AS YOU LOOK BACK AT MOTHER EARTH.
HOPE THEY'VE REMEMBERED THE ESPRESSO.

OR NOW, AS IT OFFERS UP IT OFFERS UP IT'S ABUNDANT BI-MONTHLY GIFTS.
NOT SURE WHAT'S WORSE - SUNSPOT ACTIVITY KNOCKING COMMS OUT FOR OUR 46 MINUTES OF 'DAYTIME'-
HAGNEC
ETA T-MINUS CCRRRRKKKKK ...UTES
... OR RUNNING OUT OF COFFEE.
STILL NO RESPONSE FROM THE 'LOCK?
HE KNOWS I'M WAITING ON THOSE SAMPLES. BETTER GO CHECK.

HEY, KAI! JESS NEEDS HER COFFEE FIX. WHAT'S GOING DOW...
SLAM
SOMETHING . . . IN THERE?
SOMETHING NOT HUMAN.
W-WHAT IS THAT THING? HOW D-DID...?
MUST HAVE ATTACHED TO THE SHUTTLE SOMEHOW? DID YOU SEE LIN IN THERE?
N-NO. HE MUST BE HIDING... OR...
THUD
CAN'T OPEN THE OUTER HATCH WE'D LOSE THE LOT, INCLUDING HIM.
COMMS ARE DOWN AND THAT DOOR MIGHT NOT HOLD FOR LONG. WE'RE ON OUR OWN.

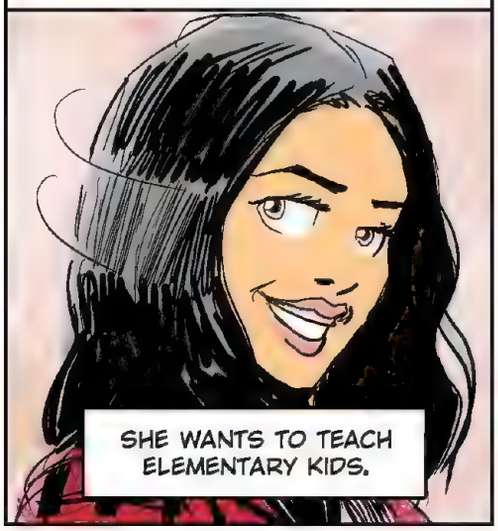
GOOD JOB THESE THINGS COME WITH MORE THAN ONE DOCKING PORT.
...I REALLY NEED THAT COFFEE.
I'M THE COMMANDER...IT HAS TOBE ME. AND IN ANY CASE...
AIRLOCK B
SCOTT, NOW!
B
NOW!

WHAT THE **HELL** **WAS** THAT THING?
CHECKING CARGO.. NO SIGN OF CCRRRRRKKKK
DAMN! SOLAR WIND'S UP. INTERNAL COMMS GONE TOO.
NEED TO SEE FOR MYSELF. NEED TO KNOW HOW THAT THING MANAGED...
A
..TO GET INSIDE.
THE EYES. IN MY MIND I KEEP SEEING THE EYES... ITS THEN I REALISE...
..THAT'S **SCOTT** CHASING ME... A-AND I THINK... I JUST JETTISONED **LIN**!

THINK, JESSICA THINK!
SOMETHING IN THE CARGO? SOME...VIRUS?
THUD
WH-WHAT IF I'M INFECTED ALREADY?
A-ACCIDENTAL MIX OF SAMPLES? UNKOWN COMPOUND? YES. HIGHLY CONTAGIOUS.
THUD
HOPE THE DOOR HOLDS.
NO. NO. C-CONTAGION WAS INSTANTANEOUS IN BOTH CASES. I'M FINE. FINE.
OBAMA! CODE RED O-ONBOARD ISS, REPEAT CODE RED ONBOARD I...
THUD
PLEASE LET THAT DOOR HOLD,
COMMS NEARLY UP... THEY'LL S-SET UP THE COMPUTER... WORK ON A VACCINE.
ANY SECOND NOW...
SKKR
NO.
NO.
NOT JUST ON BOARD.
SKRRRR
THEY CAN'T PREPARE YOU FOR THE LONELINESS.
SPECIAL DELIVERY
STORY: PETER GOULDSON
ART/ LETTERS: REBECCA ELISE

FOUR YEARS INVESTED IN THIS SCHOOL. GRADUATION'S JUST OVER THE HORIZON.
AND I THINK FOR ONCE...
FINISH LINES
STORY AND ART BY BEN HUMENIUK
...I'M GONNA MAKE IT THROUGH A YEAR WITHOUT CATASTROPHICALLY EMBARRASSING MYSELF.
LIKE, FRESHMAN YEAR, I NEARLY SUFFOCATED IN THE BUBBLES AT THE ADPI FOAM PARTY...
SOPHOMORE YEAR: GOT ATTACKED BY OUR LIVE BADGER "MASCOT" WHEN IT ESCAPED ITS ON-CAMPUS "HABITAT."
JUNIOR YEAR (A DOOZY): CAUSED A MULTI-CAR PILEUP ON MOVE-IN DAY...
...THEN STEPPED IN A BEEHIVE WHILE GIVNG A SPEECH FOR CLASS REPRESENTATIVE.
MY FAMILY'S LAUGHED IT OFF FOR YEARS. "BRIAN TAKES THE BAD LUCK SO WE GET THE GOOD," THEY SAY.
BUT HOW DOES THAT HELP ME WITH SOMEONE LIKE SARAH VILLALOBOS?
(I'M STILL NOT SURE HOW WE'RE FRIENDS...)

SHE'S THE REBEL OF THE VILLALOBOS REALITY MEDIA DYNASTY. ALMOST THREE MILLION ONLINE FOLLOWERS AND SHE DOESN'T EVEN ***CARE...***



WHAT DO YOU DO WITH A PERSON WHO GROWS UP FAMOUS, BUT THEN TRIES TO LIVE HUMBLY?

SHE JUST BROKE UP WITH HER BOYFRIEND, TOO. SHE TRIED TO KEEP IT QUIET, BUT HE'S BEEN DRAGGING HER ON SOCIAL MEDIA.

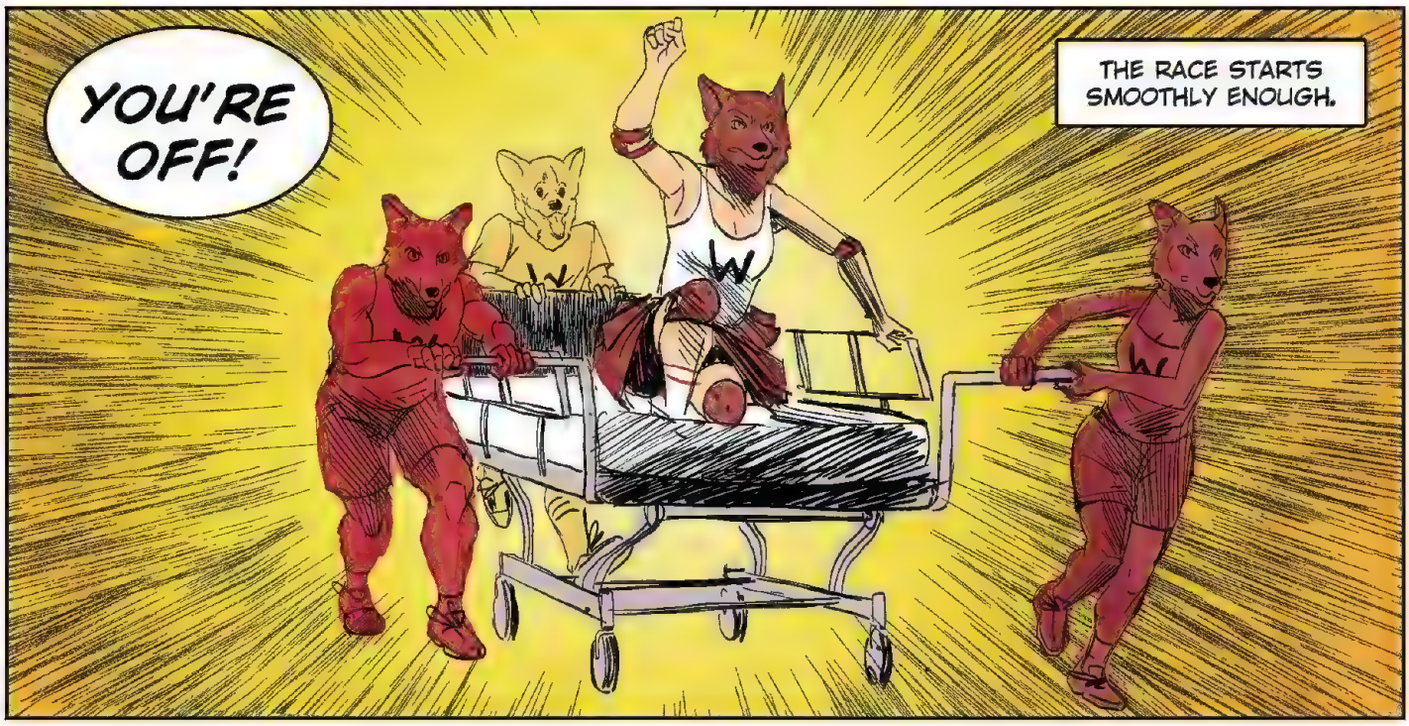
TO HER CREDIT, SHE DOESN'T SEEM LIKE SHE'S LETTING IT BOTHER HER...

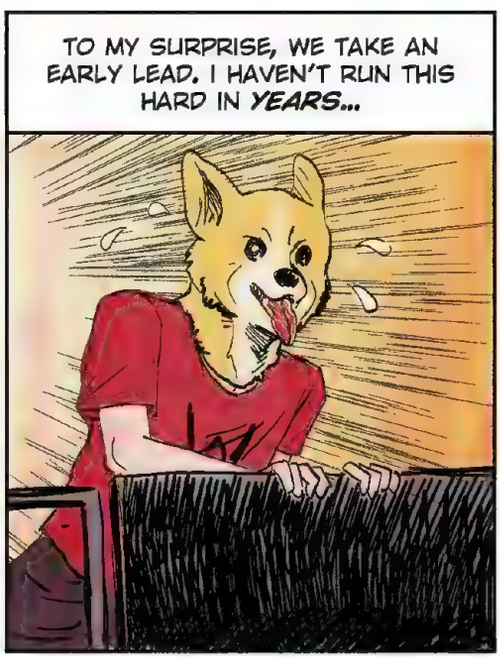
THE BED RACES ARE THE BIGGEST CHARITABLE EVENT ON CAMPUS.

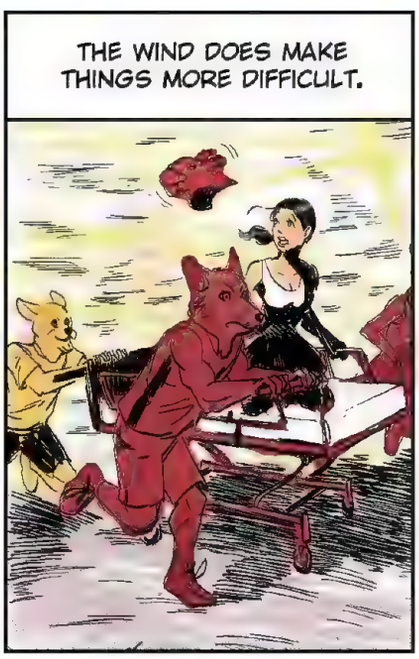
BUT THEY INVOLVE TWO THINGS I HATE: HOSPITAL BEDS (NEVER AGAIN, PLEASE) AND GREAT POTENTIAL FOR ***ACCIDENTS***...

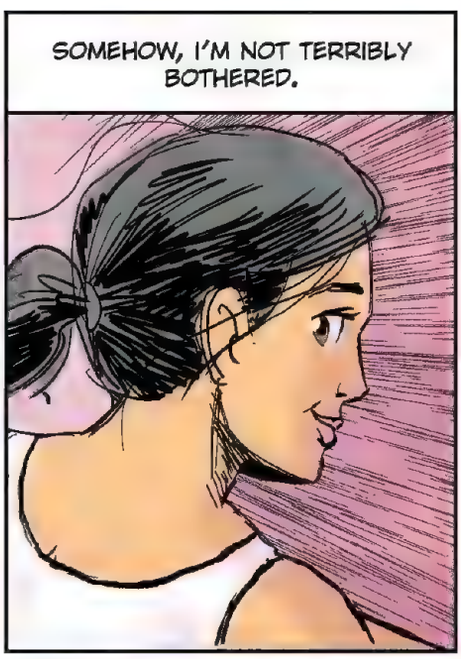
OTHER TEAMS-- MOSTLY ***GREEK*** CLUBS-- HAVE PRACTICED FOR ***MONTHS***.

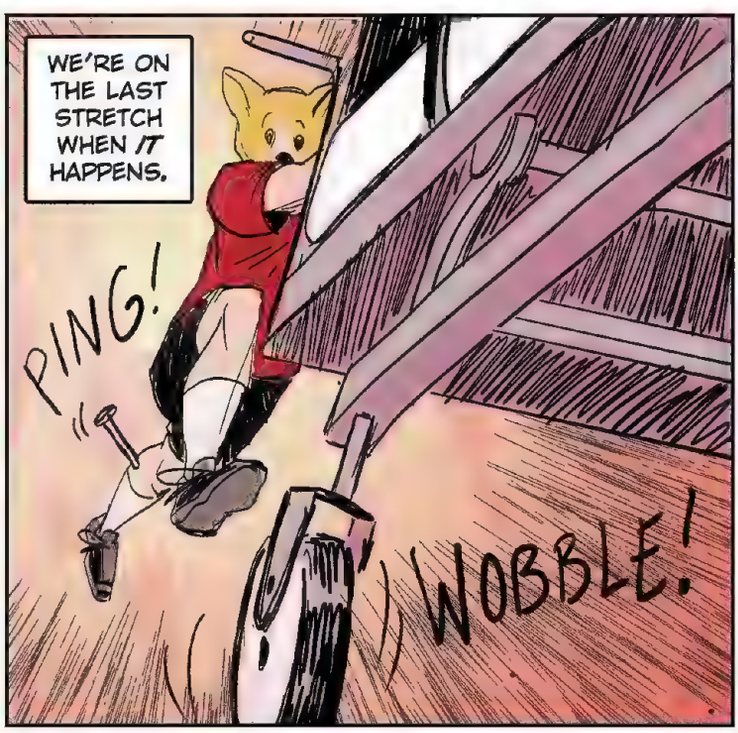
BUT SARAH'S DOING THIS TO RAISE FUNDS FOR A LITERACY PROGRAM.


YOU'RE OFF!
THE RACE STARTS SMOOTHLY ENOUGH.


TO MY SURPRISE, WE TAKE AN EARLY LEAD. I HAVEN'T RUN THIS HARD IN *YEARS*...


THE WIND DOES MAKE THINGS MORE DIFFICULT.

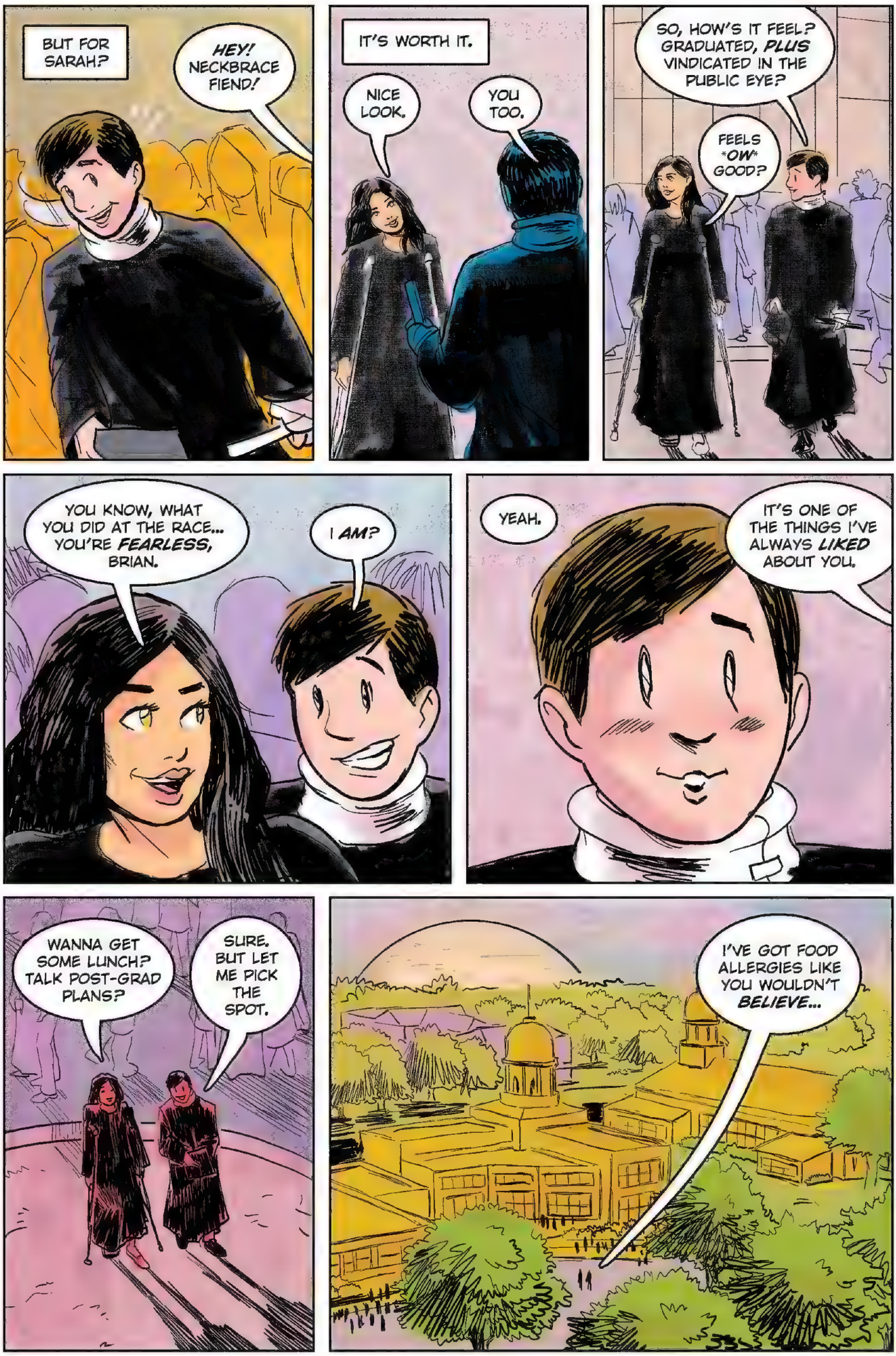

SOMEHOW, I'M NOT TERRIBLY BOTHERED.


WE'RE ON THE LAST STRETCH WHEN *IT* HAPPENS.
PING!
WOBBLE!

BRIAN? WHAT'S WRONG?
WE'VE-- WE'VE GOT A WHEEL PROBLEM--

AND THAT'S WHEN I SEE OUR "WHEEL INSPECTOR" AGAIN, WAITING NEAR THE FINISH LINE.
IT'S SARAH'S EX-BOYFRIEND, AND HE'S FURTHERING HER COMEUPPANCE.
FINISH
THIS THING'S GONNA GIVE IF I DON'T--
WHY'S THAT DOG ACTING SO FUNNY...?
WOBBLE
AW HELL--
SKREE

WHAM!!!
OH MY GOD-- BRIAN?
BRIAN!?!
...BRIAN BENSON!!!
GRADUATION DAY. MY BODY STILL ACHES LIKE HELL.
EMBARRASSMENT, MY OLD FRIEND. HERE WITH ME TO THE LAST...
BACHELOR OF SCIENCE IN KINESIOLOGY!!!


BUT FOR SARAH?
HEY! NECKBRACE FIEND!
IT'S WORTH IT.
NICE LOOK.
YOU TOO.
SO, HOW'S IT FEEL? GRADUATED, PLUS VINDICATED IN THE PUBLIC EYE?
FEELS *OW* GOOD?
YOU KNOW, WHAT YOU DID AT THE RACE... YOU'RE FEARLESS, BRIAN.
I AM?
YEAH.
IT'S ONE OF THE THINGS I'VE ALWAYS LIKED ABOUT YOU.
WANNA GET SOME LUNCH? TALK POST-GRAD PLANS?
SURE. BUT LET ME PICK THE SPOT.
I'VE GOT FOOD ALLERGIES LIKE YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE...

CITIZENS IN LOC-GOV FIVE ARE REMINDED TO BE INDOORS WITHIN ONE HOUR.
YOU ARE ADVISED TO CLOSE ALL WINDOWS AND IGNORE ANY LOUD SCREAMING.
A FULL EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT HAS BEEN SCHEDULED CATERING FOR EVERY TASTE.
T.V. Dinners
Served up by Peter Gouldson and Phil Elliott
THE OVEN'S WARMING UP NICELY FOLKS.
HI, I'M CLINT FLINT...
...AND WE'RE GONNA COOK YOU UP A REAL TREAT TONIGHT!
SUGA
RUS

JOINING ME TONIGHT ARE MY TWO FAVOURITE CULINARY TASTEBUDDIES, TED AND MARGE **TUCKINN** !
HI.
COOO-EEE HOME WORLD!
STRAIGHT FROM THE SET OF HER LATEST BLOCKBUSTER IT'S THAT MISTRESS OF SPICE HERSELF, MISS CLEO **ROCKS**!
AND AS EVER, I'M JOINED BY OUR FAVOURITE HUMAN-SPRALL HYBRID, VYVYAN BLOTCH THE **THIRD**!!
BELCH!
YOU'RE JOINING US JUST AS WE'VE LOCKED OVER CYGNUS IV!! IT'S VERY EXCITING!
Y'KNOW CLINT, BACK IN THE DAY CYGNUS IV WAS KNOWN AS THE MEAT COUNTER! HEH HEH! SNORT!
INDEED, VYVYAN, AND IT'S A CRYING SHAME FOOD STOCKS AREN'T WHAT THEY WERE.
UNLIKELY FOLKS BUT IF YOU EVER **DID** FIND A CYGNUS IV CALF ON YOUR PLATE, GO EASY ON THE **SEASONING**!

WE'RE TOLD IT'S A TOUGH CHEWY MEAT WITH ITS OWN DISTINCTIVE KICK!
USE A HIGH HEAT ON A FLAT-BOTTOMED PAN!
SURE TO BE WORTH THE WAIT WHEN YA' FINALLY GET IT DOWN YA'.
GLUG!
GLUG!!
AND... HERE'S ONE WE PREPARED EARLIER!
WHAT DO WE ALL THINK OF OUR VERY FIRST TASTE OF CYGNUS IV THEN?
AH, YOU JUST CAN'T BEAT DOCKING OVER A LICENSED PLANET AND BEAMING UP STRAIGHT TO THE PLATE!

THINK I'M GOING TO BE SICK!
SHAME TO LET IT GO TO WASTE, MARJORIE!
HMM, BIT ON THE CHEWY SIDE FOR ME. WHAT HAVE THE VIEWERS BEEN SAYING, CLEO?
LOTS OF PEOPLE LOOKING FORWARD TO MY NEW FILM, CLINT.
'GET THOSE JUICES FLOWING' IS AVAILABLE ON ALL PREMIUM CHANNELS NOW!
SO...UM, EDNA FROM LOC-GOV FOUR ASKS "WHY HAVE YOU BUNKERS STOPPED SENDING FOOD PARCELS BACK TO THE OUTTAS?"
TYPICAL OUTTAS! WE KEEP THE OLD TRADITIONS GOING AND WHAT THANKS DO WE GET?
NONE!
OH, WE SEND WHAT WE CAN, MY LOVELIES, BUT SUPPLIES OF THE GOOD STUFF RAN OUT EONS AGO, EVERYONE KNOWS THAT.
TERRANS NEVER STOP MOANING?! IT'S NOT AS IF THEY'RE GONNA BE THROWING A DINNER PARTY ANYTIME SOON - NO ONE LEFT ON THAT ROCK TO INVITE!
HAHA!
SNORT!!

AH, LOOK, CLINT! A VIEWER'S SENT IN AN IMAGE OF AN 'OLDE WORLDE' MEAL! A ROASTED BEEF ?
SAY NOW, COULDN'T YOU PEOPLE RUSTLE US UP SOMETHING LIKE THAT, JUST FOR OLD TIME'S SAKE?
HMM...BEST LET SLEEPING DOGS LIE, TED. ANYWAY, NOW'S TIME FOR OUR MAIN COURSE!
NOW REMEMBER...ETIQUETTE GOES OUT THE **WINDOW** AT TIMES LIKE THIS...GET USING THOSE **FINGERS AND TENTACLES**, PEOPLE!
ISN'T THAT RIGHT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE AUDIENCE?
HMM...QUIET BUNCH TONIGHT, AREN'T THEY?
PIZZA

Ding!
I THINK WE'RE JUST ABOUT DONE, CLINT.
BACK AFTER THE BREAK, FOLKS!
BEST GRAB IT WHILE IT'S HOT!
OH! I DO LIKE MINE WELL DONE.
CAN'T BEAT A NICE CHOP!
LEG OR SHOULDER, DEAR?
PIZZA

LOWER EAST SIDE SHIPPING DISTRICT
RIBS FEEL LIKE JELLY.
BACK'S ON FIRE.
GET UP.
MY INTEL GROSSLY UNDERESTIMATED RED SYNDICATE'S NUMBERS.
NEED TO HAVE AN "UNDERSTANDING" WITH MY INFORMANT.
RIGHT NOW, JUST KEEP MOVING.
IF YOU STOP, IT'S OVER.
AND YOU'VE COME TOO FAR TO NOT SEE THIS THROUGH.
HARDLINE ORIGINS:
NIGHTCOWL
Story: Rich Carrington
Brian S. Dawson
Art: Brian S. Dawson

IT TOOK 3 YEARS TO FINALLY BRING THEM DOWN.
FOUR OFFICERS GAVE THEIR LIVES IN THE PROCESS.
NO WAY THEY WERE GONNA DIE IN VAIN.
BUT SOMETHING THAT BIG DOESN'T COME WITHOUT A PRICE.
YOU DON'T TAKE OUT BIG CRIME WITHOUT SOME PAYBACK COMING YOUR WAY.
THAT WAS MY LAST DAY AS A COP....
...AS A HUSBAND. FATHER.
THE DAY NIGHTCOWL WAS BORN.
SINCE THEN, THEY'VE LEARNED TO FEAR ME.
I'VE SPENT THE LAST FEW MONTHS TRACKING DOWN AND FINISHING WHAT I STARTED.
NO STONE UNTURNED. NO BONE UNBROKEN.
AND IT'S ALL LED ME TO HERE...

NIGHTCOWL, RIGHT? YER THE NEW GUY IN TOWN.
LOOK, PAL- IT'S LATE AND I'M TIRED. CLEARLY THIS AIN'T BEEN A GREAT NIGHT FOR YOU SO WHY DON'T YOU CALL IT QUITS BEFORE THINGS GET WORSE.
CAN'T QUIT, SUNSHINE... I'M NOT DEAD YET.
RIGHT. THE RED HAND SAID YOU WERE MOUTHY.
THERE'S TWO WAYS WE CAN DO THIS - THE EASY WAY. OR THE EASIER WAY. PERSONALLY I'D PREFER....

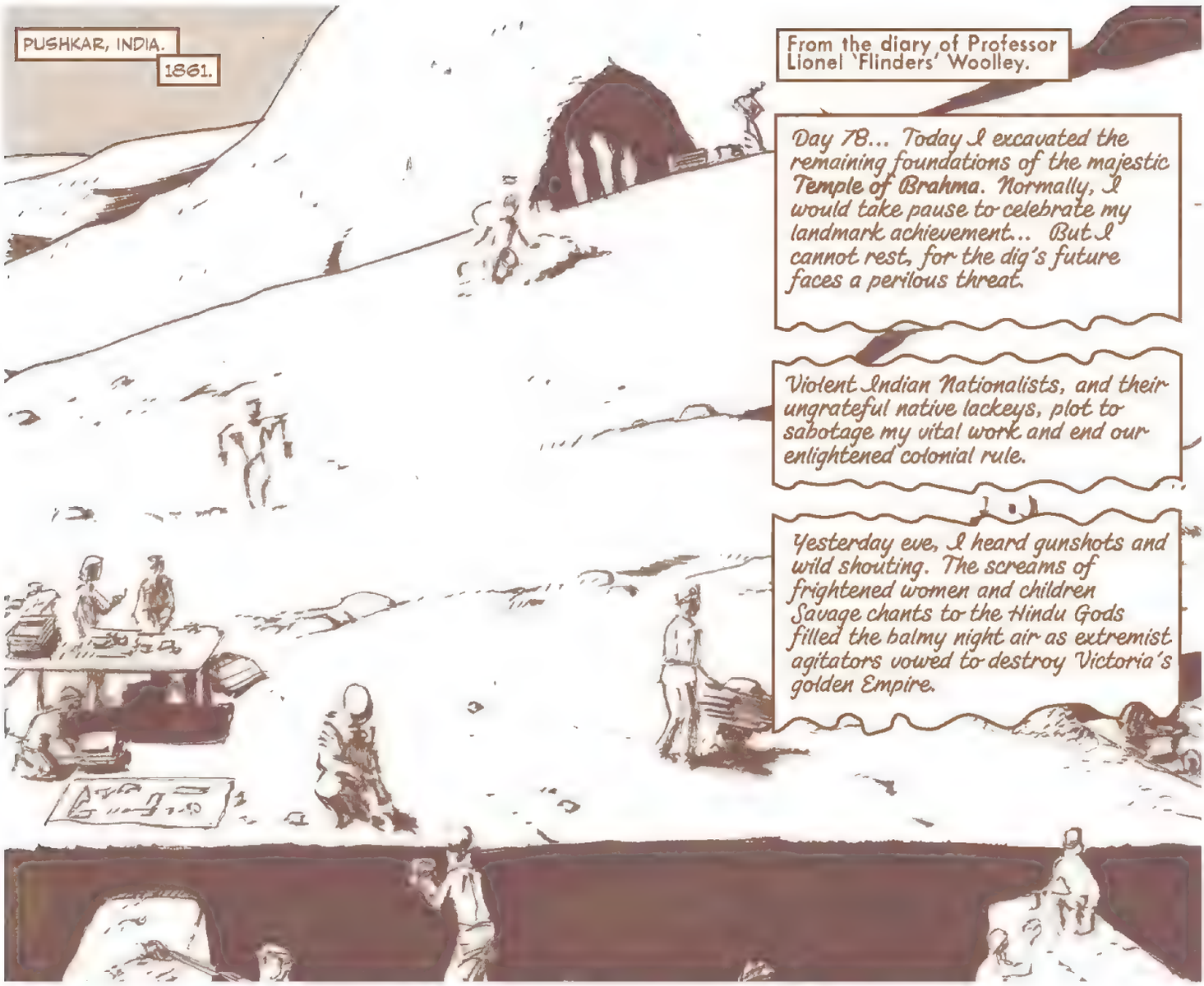
YOU TALK TOO MUCH.
FWIP!
POOOM!
WHAT THE-!
I NEVER UNDERSTOOD THE NEED FOR THEATRICS.
I LIKE THE MORE DIRECT APPROACH!
YOU "CAPES" ARE ALL ALIKE...

ALWAYS LOOKING DOWN YER NOSES AND THINKIN' YER BETTER 'N THE REST OF US!
I MEAN, HOW STUPID IS IT WHEN YOU'RE JUST A GUY WITH SOME GADGETS PICKIN' A FIGHT WITH SOMEONE WHO CAN BENCH PRESS A TANK?
SLAMM!
BUT I GUESS YOU'RE FINDING THAT OUT NOW, RIGHT?
UNGH!
YOU'RE CONFUSING ARROGANCE WITH FOCUS, BRAWLER.
BUT IT'S ARROGANT TO UNDERESTIMATE ME. WHICH YOU'RE ABOUT TO FIND OUT NOW.
WHATEVER, TOUGH GUY. LET'S JUST CUT TO THE PART WHERE YOU FALL DOWN.
TWOK

THE ONLY REAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN US -
IS THAT I'M GOING HOME TONIGHT!
SPLOKT
LOOK, MAHONEY- YEAH I KNOW WHO YOU ARE-
I'M NOT GUNNING FOR YOU. NOT TONIGHT ANYWAY.
THE RED HAND IS ON HIS WAY TO SILENCE SOME ORPHANS THAT CAN PLACE HIM BEHIND A HUMAN TRAFFICKING OPERATION.
HE'S TAKEN ENOUGH LIVES ALREADY. IT ENDS TONIGHT.

I KNOW HE ONLY HIRED YOU AS MUSCLE TO STOP ME. BUT THAT'S NOT HAPPENING.
YOU SAY YOU'RE GOING HOME?
IF YOU PLAN TO, THEN GET OUTTA MY WAY HERE AND NOW WHILE YOU STILL CAN.
GO GET A DRINK AT THAT BAR YOU ALWAYS GO TO.
HOW DO YOU...?
AH, SCREW THIS. I DIDN'T SIGN UP TO HELP KILL ANY KIDS. SHIT GOT ALL TWISTED.
SMART CHOICE.
NIGHTCOWL, I.....
...SAVE IT.
YEAH, MAYBE A DRINK'S A GOOD IDEA...

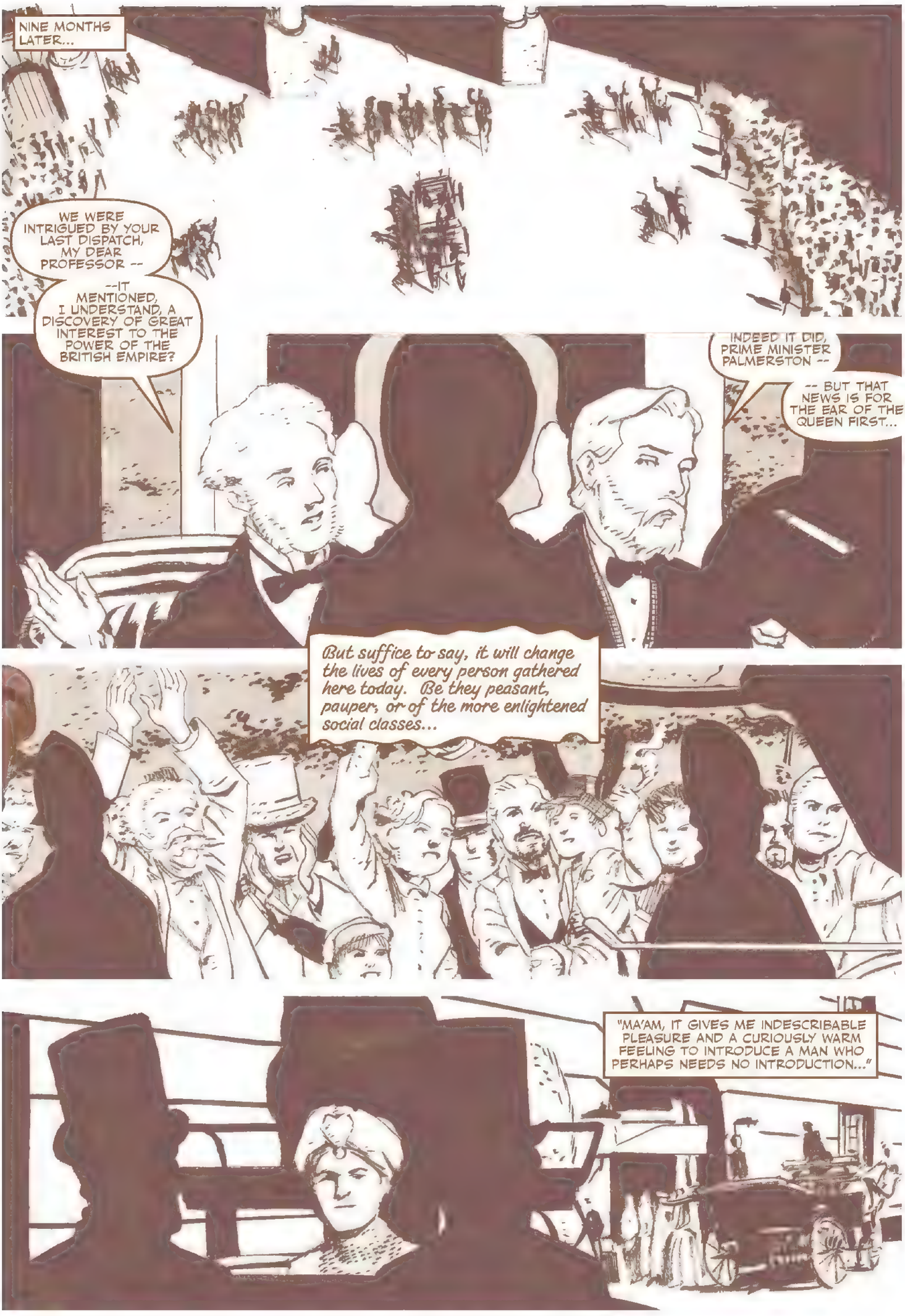
SCULLY'S PLACE - CLOSING TIME
"...APPEARS TO BE THE RESULTS OF A TURF WAR BETWEEN THE RED SYNDICATE AND UNKNOWN RIVALS..."
"...AMONG THE CONFIRMED BODIES, IS FORMER CITY COUNSELMEN, HARRIS BETTS..."
PIZZA SAN
"...BETTS HAS BEEN IDENTIFIED AS THE CRIME BOSS, RED HAND AND IS BEING LINKED TO A HUMAN TRAFFICKING RING..."
WELL WHADDYA KNOW...
THE LITTLE GUY DID IT.
WHAT DO I OWE YA, SCULLY?
ON THE HOUSE. BESIDES...
I'M GUESSING YER KINDA BETWEEN JOBS AT THE MOMENT.
YER GOOD PEOPLE, SCULLY. THAT'S WHY I LOVE COMING HERE.
ENJOY IT WHILE IT LASTS
HOW'S THAT?
MET ME A PRETTY NUMBER AT THE CENTER. THINKING 'BOUT HANGING UP MY APRON AND HEADING DOWN TO NAPLES.
MAKE YOU A SWEET DEAL, MIKE...
IF YER THINKING 'BOUT A CAREER CHANGE...
YA NEVER KNOW, SCULLY...
YA NEVER KNOW.
THE ~~END~~ BEGINNING...

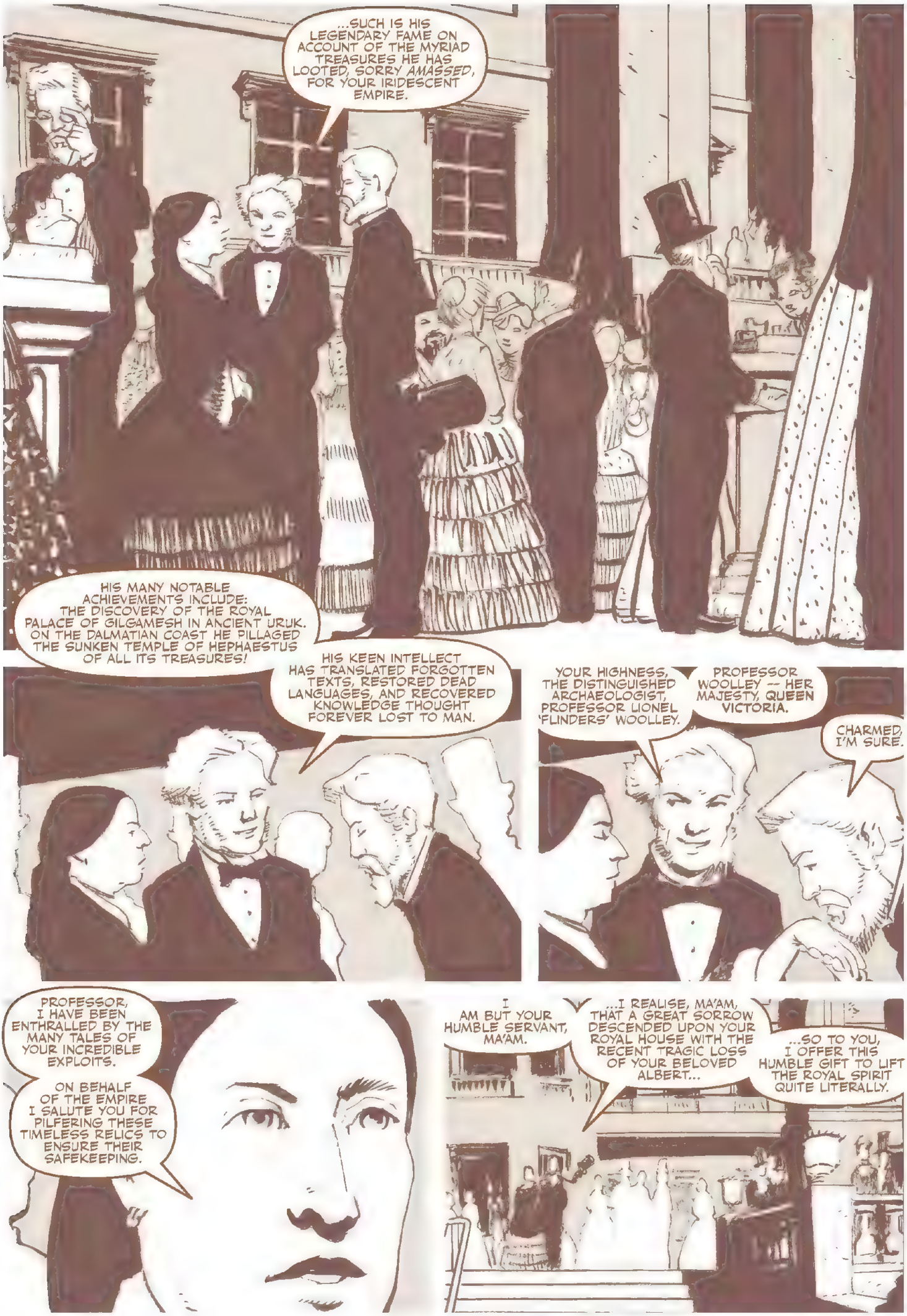

PUSHKAR, INDIA.
1861.
From the diary of Professor Lionel 'Flinders' Woolley.
Day 78... Today I excavated the remaining foundations of the majestic Temple of Brahma. Normally, I would take pause to celebrate my landmark achievement... But I cannot rest, for the dig's future faces a perilous threat.
Violent Indian Nationalists, and their ungrateful native lackeys, plot to sabotage my vital work and end our enlightened colonial rule.
Yesterday eve, I heard gunshots and wild shouting. The screams of frightened women and children Savage chants to the Hindu Gods filled the balmy night air as extremist agitators vowed to destroy Victoria's golden Empire.

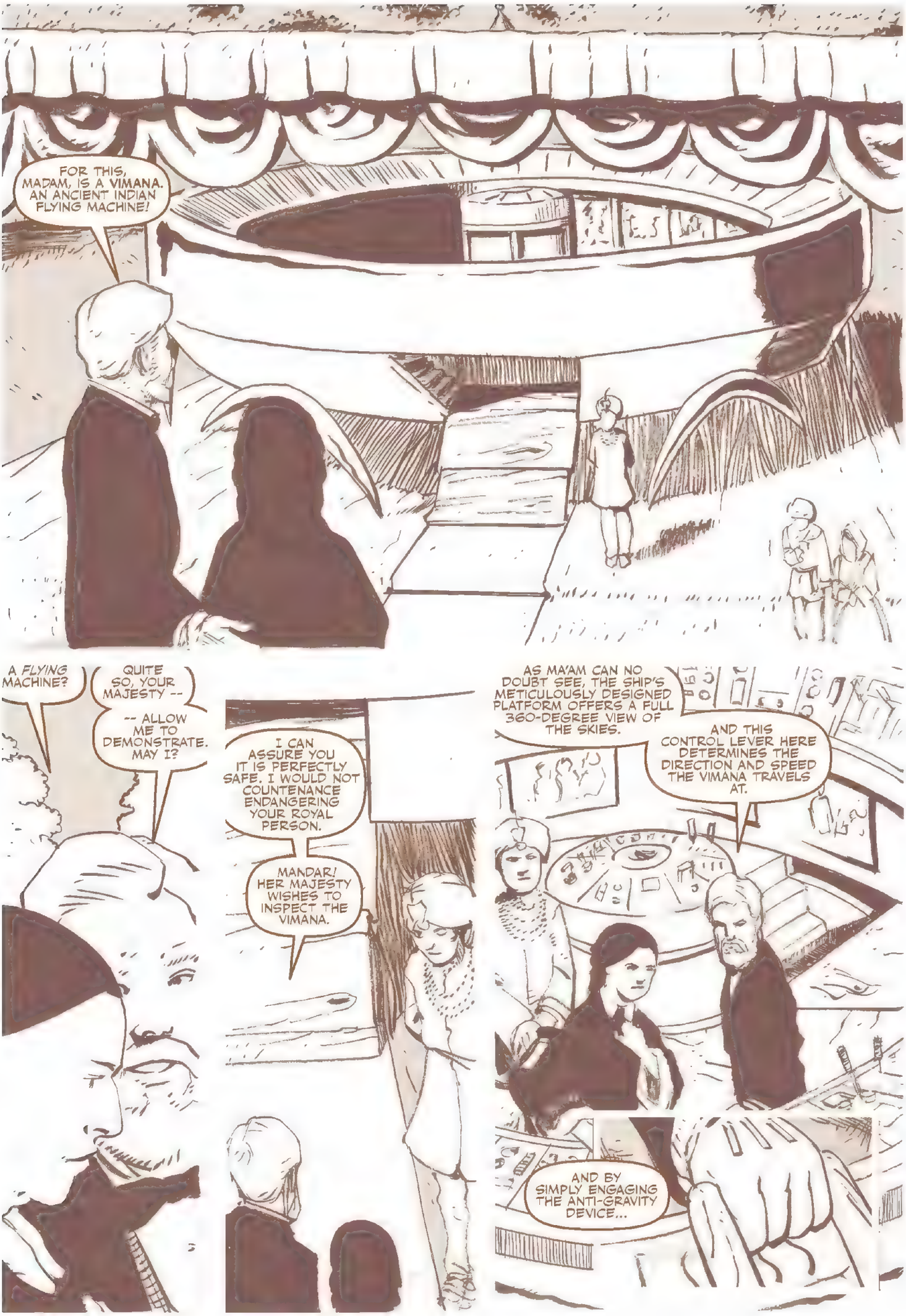
A Thousand Suns

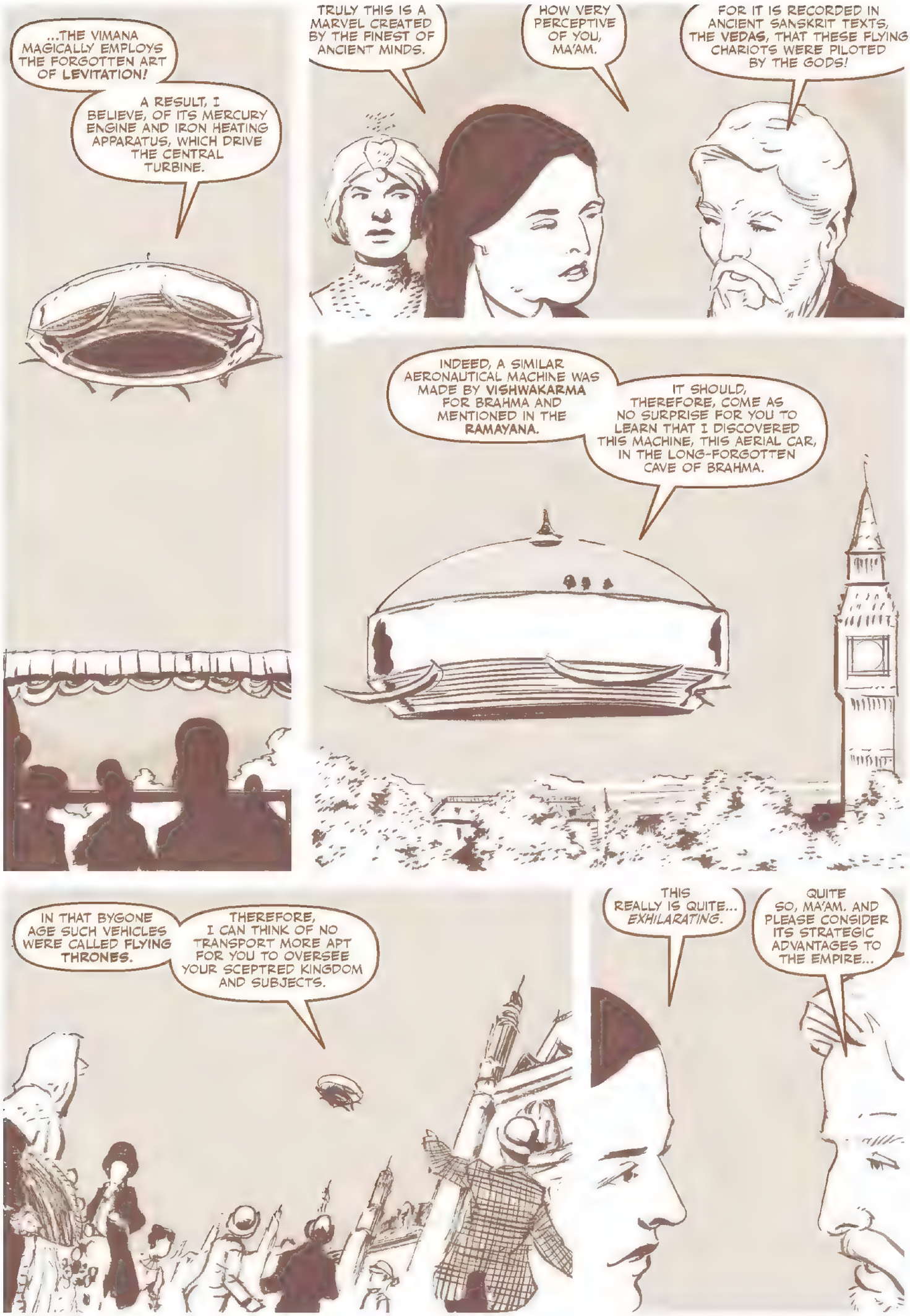
Script ~ Kevin Gunstone Art & Letters ~ Chris Geary

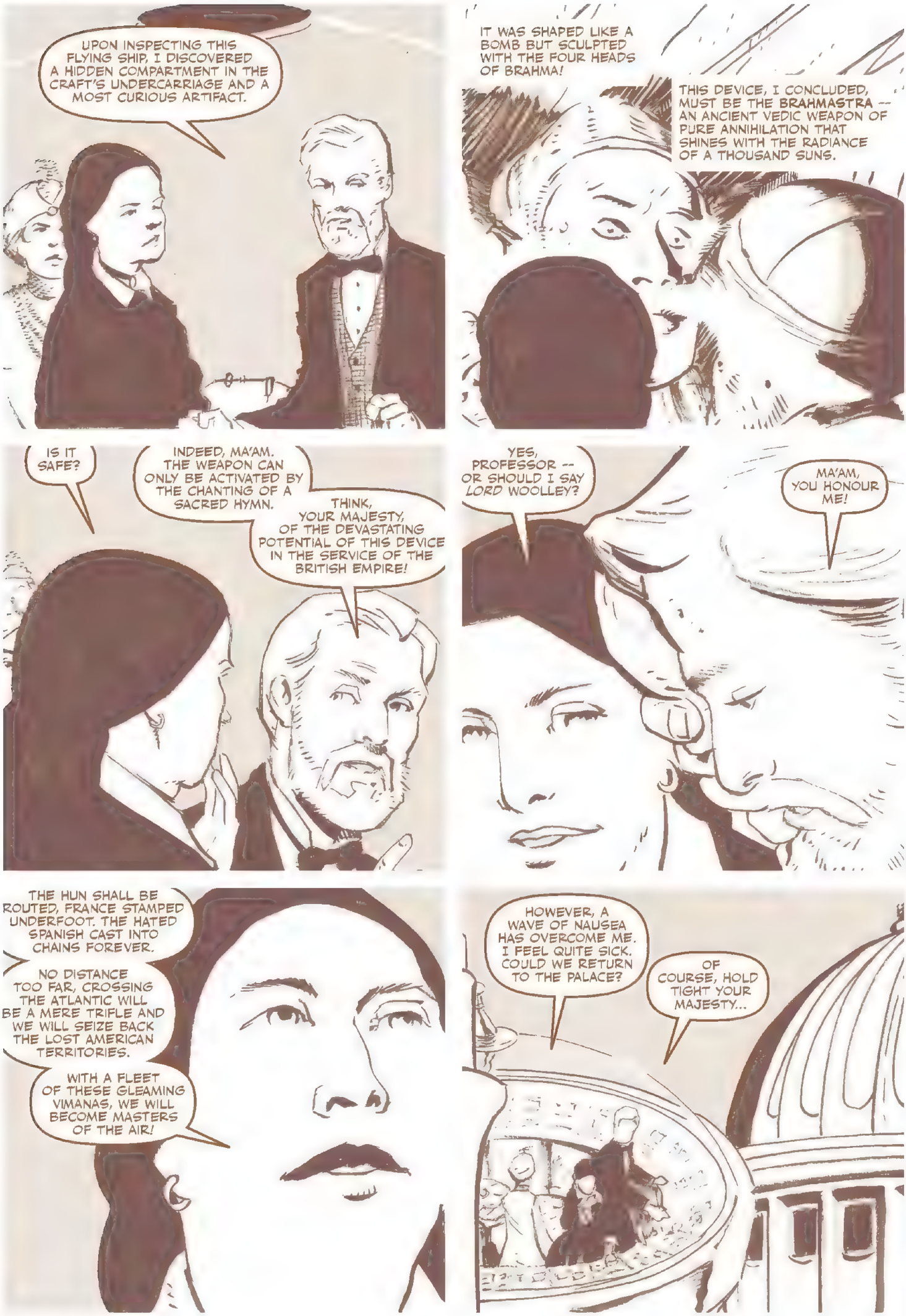
CAREFUL WITH THE POT, YOU FOOL!
PROFESSOR WOOLLEY! PROFESSOR WOOLLEY! COME QUICKLY. WE FOUND IT!
WHAT IS IT MY PRECIOUS MANDAR? WHAT HAVE YOU FOUND?
A GOLDEN MACHINE...
WHERE? I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING.
THROUGH HERE...
LOOK, PROFESSOR – THERE
MY... MY GOOD GOD...
IS THAT A... A?

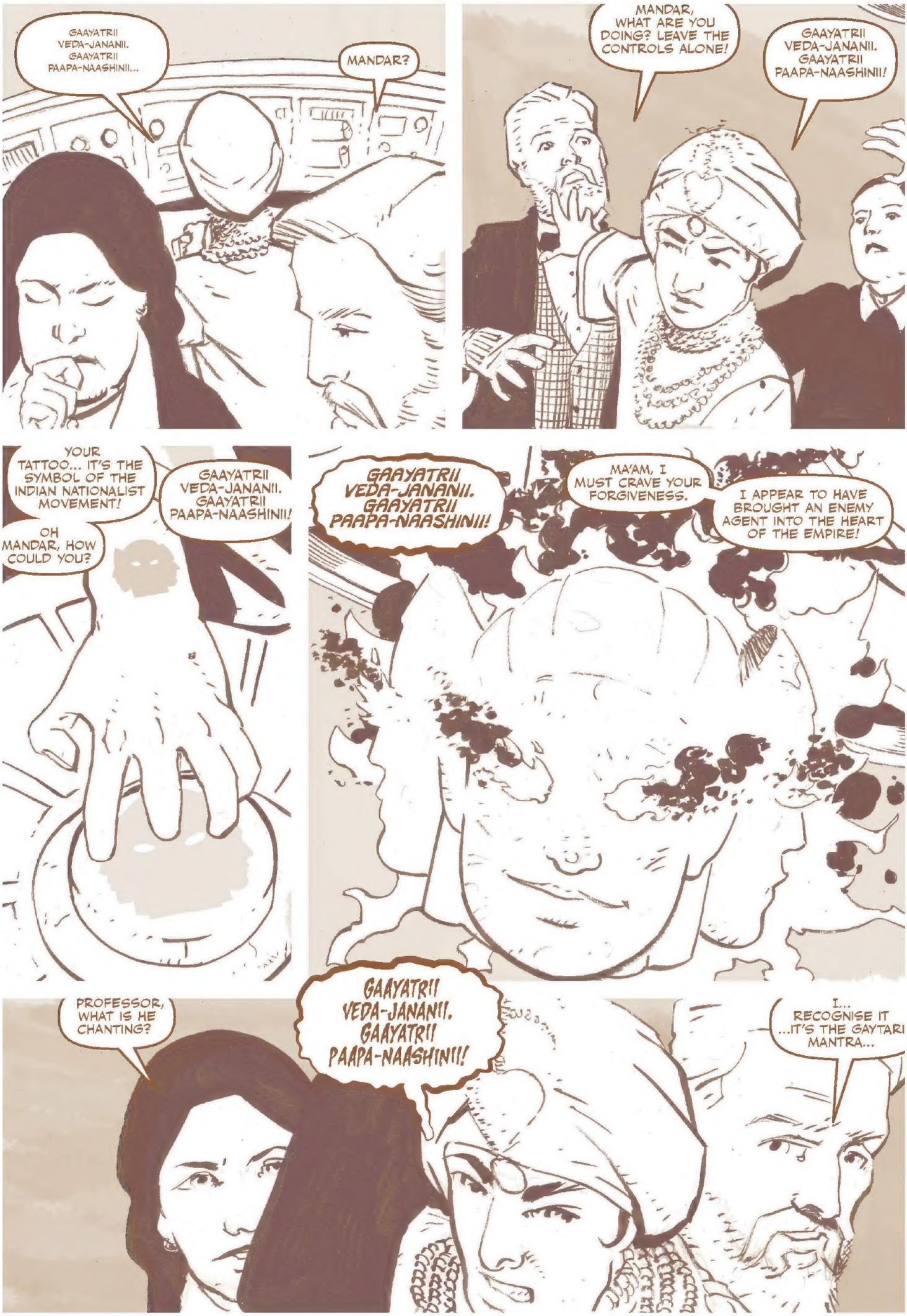

NINE MONTHS LATER...
WE WERE INTRIGUED BY YOUR LAST DISPATCH, MY DEAR PROFESSOR --
--IT MENTIONED, I UNDERSTAND, A DISCOVERY OF GREAT INTEREST TO THE POWER OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE?
INDEED IT DID, PRIME MINISTER PALMERSTON --
-- BUT THAT NEWS IS FOR THE EAR OF THE QUEEN FIRST...
But suffice to say, it will change the lives of every person gathered here today. Be they peasant, pauper, or of the more enlightened social classes...
"MA'AM, IT GIVES ME INDESCRIBABLE PLEASURE AND A CURIOUSLY WARM FEELING TO INTRODUCE A MAN WHO PERHAPS NEEDS NO INTRODUCTION..."


...SUCH IS HIS LEGENDARY FAME ON ACCOUNT OF THE MYRIAD TREASURES HE HAS LOOTED, SORRY AMASSED, FOR YOUR IRIDESCENT EMPIRE.
HIS MANY NOTABLE ACHIEVEMENTS INCLUDE: THE DISCOVERY OF THE ROYAL PALACE OF GILGAMESH IN ANCIENT URUK. ON THE DALMATIAN COAST HE PILLAGED THE SUNKEN TEMPLE OF HEPHAESTUS OF ALL ITS TREASURES!
HIS KEEN INTELLECT HAS TRANSLATED FORGOTTEN TEXTS, RESTORED DEAD LANGUAGES, AND RECOVERED KNOWLEDGE THOUGHT FOREVER LOST TO MAN.
YOUR HIGHNESS, THE DISTINGUISHED ARCHAEOLOGIST, PROFESSOR LIONEL 'FLINDERS' WOOLLEY.
PROFESSOR WOOLLEY — HER MAJESTY, QUEEN VICTORIA.
CHARMED, I'M SURE.
PROFESSOR, I HAVE BEEN ENTHRALLED BY THE MANY TALES OF YOUR INCREDIBLE EXPLOITS.
ON BEHALF OF THE EMPIRE I SALUTE YOU FOR PILFERING THESE TIMELESS RELICS TO ENSURE THEIR SAFEKEEPING.
I AM BUT YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT, MA'AM.
...I REALISE, MA'AM, THAT A GREAT SORROW DESCENDED UPON YOUR ROYAL HOUSE WITH THE RECENT TRAGIC LOSS OF YOUR BELOVED ALBERT...
...SO TO YOU, I OFFER THIS HUMBLE GIFT TO LIFT THE ROYAL SPIRIT QUITE LITERALLY.

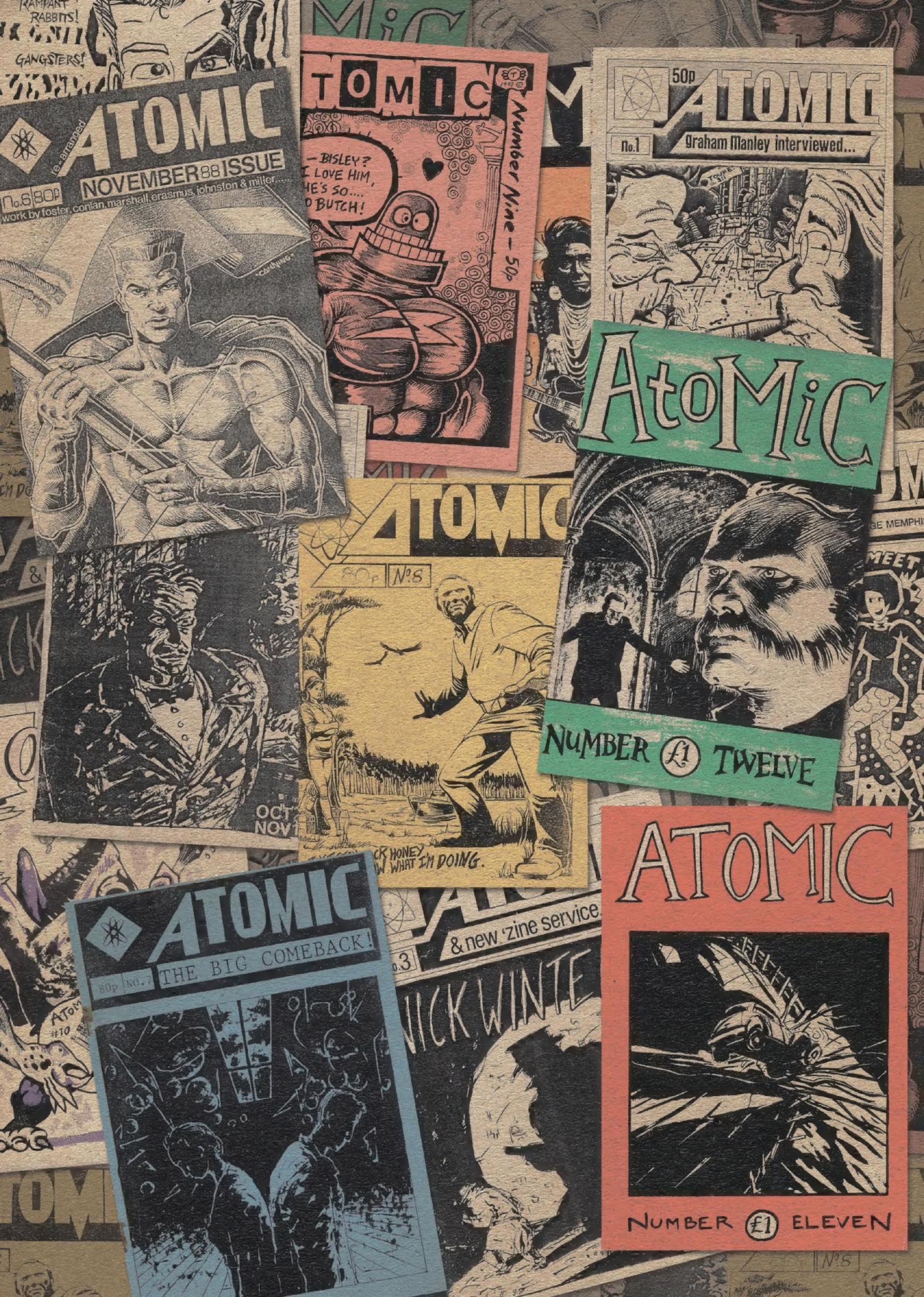

FOR THIS, MADAM, IS A VIMANA. AN ANCIENT INDIAN FLYING MACHINE!
A FLYING MACHINE?
QUITE SO, YOUR MAJESTY --
-- ALLOW ME TO DEMONSTRATE. MAY I?
I CAN ASSURE YOU IT IS PERFECTLY SAFE. I WOULD NOT COUNTENANCE ENDANGERING YOUR ROYAL PERSON.
MANDAR! HER MAJESTY WISHES TO INSPECT THE VIMANA.
AS MA'AM CAN NO DOUBT SEE, THE SHIP'S METICULOUSLY DESIGNED PLATFORM OFFERS A FULL 360-DEGREE VIEW OF THE SKIES.
AND THIS CONTROL LEVER HERE DETERMINES THE DIRECTION AND SPEED THE VIMANA TRAVELS AT.
AND BY SIMPLY ENGAGING THE ANTI-GRAVITY DEVICE...


...THE VIMANA MAGICALLY EMPLOYS THE FORGOTTEN ART OF LEVITATION!
A RESULT, I BELIEVE, OF ITS MERCURY ENGINE AND IRON HEATING APPARATUS, WHICH DRIVE THE CENTRAL TURBINE.
TRULY THIS IS A MARVEL CREATED BY THE FINEST OF ANCIENT MINDS.
HOW VERY PERCEPTIVE OF YOU, MA'AM.
FOR IT IS RECORDED IN ANCIENT SANSKRIT TEXTS, THE VEDAS, THAT THESE FLYING CHARIOTS WERE PILOTED BY THE GODS!
INDEED, A SIMILAR AERONAUTICAL MACHINE WAS MADE BY VISHWAKARMA FOR BRAHMA AND MENTIONED IN THE RAMAYANA.
IT SHOULD, THEREFORE, COME AS NO SURPRISE FOR YOU TO LEARN THAT I DISCOVERED THIS MACHINE, THIS AERIAL CAR, IN THE LONG-FORGOTTEN CAVE OF BRAHMA.
IN THAT BYGONE AGE SUCH VEHICLES WERE CALLED FLYING THRONES.
THEREFORE, I CAN THINK OF NO TRANSPORT MORE APT FOR YOU TO OVERSEE YOUR SCEPTRED KINGDOM AND SUBJECTS.
THIS REALLY IS QUITE... EXHILARATING.
QUITE SO, MA'AM. AND PLEASE CONSIDER ITS STRATEGIC ADVANTAGES TO THE EMPIRE...


UPON INSPECTING THIS FLYING SHIP, I DISCOVERED A HIDDEN COMPARTMENT IN THE CRAFT'S UNDERCARRIAGE AND A MOST CURIOUS ARTIFACT.
IT WAS SHAPED LIKE A BOMB BUT SCULPTED WITH THE FOUR HEADS OF BRAHMA!
THIS DEVICE, I CONCLUDED, MUST BE THE BRAHMASTRA -- AN ANCIENT VEDIC WEAPON OF PURE ANNIHILATION THAT SHINES WITH THE RADIANCE OF A THOUSAND SUNS.
IS IT SAFE?
INDEED, MA'AM. THE WEAPON CAN ONLY BE ACTIVATED BY THE CHANTING OF A SACRED HYMN.
THINK, YOUR MAJESTY, OF THE DEVASTATING POTENTIAL OF THIS DEVICE IN THE SERVICE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE!
YES, PROFESSOR -- OR SHOULD I SAY LORD WOOLLEY?
MA'AM, YOU HONOUR ME!
THE HUN SHALL BE ROUTED, FRANCE STAMPED UNDERFOOT. THE HATED SPANISH CAST INTO CHAINS FOREVER.
NO DISTANCE TOO FAR, CROSSING THE ATLANTIC WILL BE A MERE TRIFLE AND WE WILL SEIZE BACK THE LOST AMERICAN TERRITORIES.
WITH A FLEET OF THESE GLEAMING VIMANAS, WE WILL BECOME MASTERS OF THE AIR!
HOWEVER, A WAVE OF NAUSEA HAS OVERCOME ME. I FEEL QUITE SICK. COULD WE RETURN TO THE PALACE?
OF COURSE, HOLD TIGHT YOUR MAJESTY...


GAAYATRII VEDA-JANANII. GAAYATRII PAAPA-NAASHINII...
MANDAR?
MANDAR, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? LEAVE THE CONTROLS ALONE!
GAAYATRII VEDA-JANANII. GAAYATRII PAAPA-NAASHINII!
YOUR TATTOO... IT'S THE SYMBOL OF THE INDIAN NATIONALIST MOVEMENT!
GAAYATRII VEDA-JANANII. GAAYATRII PAAPA-NAASHINII!
OH MANDAR, HOW COULD YOU?
GAAYATRII VEDA-JANANII. GAAYATRII PAAPA-NAASHINII!
MA'AM, I MUST CRAVE YOUR FORGIVENESS.
I APPEAR TO HAVE BROUGHT AN ENEMY AGENT INTO THE HEART OF THE EMPIRE!
PROFESSOR, WHAT IS HE CHANTING?
GAAYATRII VEDA-JANANII. GAAYATRII PAAPA-NAASHINII!
I... RECOGNISE IT ...IT'S THE GAYTARI MANTRA...

...IT IS THE CHANT TO IGNITE BRAHMASTRA.
"GAYATRI IS THE MOTHER OF THE VEDAS ...
...AND GAYATRI IS THE DESTROYER OF THE SINS."
END.


RAMPANT RABBITS!
GANGSTERS!
ATOMIC
re-arranged
NOVEMBER 88 ISSUE
No.6 80p
work by foster, conlan, marshall, erasmus, johnston & miller....
TOMIC
Number Nine – 50p
– BISLEY?
I LOVE HIM,
HE'S SO....
D BUTCH!
50p
ATOMIC
No.1
Graham Manley interviewed...
AtoMiC
NUMBER £1 TWELVE
ATOMIC
80p No.8
OCT
NOV
CK HONEY
W WHAT I'M DOING.
ATOMIC
80p NO.7
THE BIG COMEBACK!
& new 'zine service
NICK WINTE
ATOMIC
NUMBER £1 ELEVEN

U'RE OFF!
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TALES OF
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